

Humans are the enemy.

They are weaker than we are, yet they continue to increase in numbers, not allowing us to live in hiding and they take away our homes.

Humans are traitors. At first, they are hostile to us, but when the situation turns bad for them, they come crawling to us. If we let our guard down and allow them into our hearts, they suddenly bare fangs and turn on us. They will even try to kill children like me who are born between a human and a demon.

And my father is human. That is why my mother did not like to talk about my father much to me. When I asked her about my father, she just smiled sadly.

We lived hidden inside a barrier that my mother set up deep in the mountains, away from human society. My days were dominated by boredom, idleness, and silence. My curiosity became too much to bear and I eventually imagined the lives of the betraying humans and even longed to see them.

But once again, the desire of humans to kill my mother granted that wish, and I fell into a long sleep.

<1>

“I’m not here to fight... I’m here to make a deal.”

“I want your power 𠂇𠂇𠂇!”

And then, after I fell asleep for an eternity, humans appeared before me once again. The humans who had destroyed the demons, betrayed my mother, and taken everything from me.

I don’t know how many years have passed since then, but it’s clear from their fighting style that it wasn’t just a few years or a few decades. They were strong. They used weapons that spat fire and possessed power that

was far beyond human. Even though I had just awakened, they were able to subdue me, a demon, with just two of them.

It seems that the era of demons has ended while I was sealed away. No, it had already ended. Since the time my mother fell into the hands of humans.

"What the hell is this place? I've never heard of a big snowstorm in Japan in September."

"Could it be that this is also a curse you've cast?"

"..."

"Anyway, can you not cause a commotion for now? We have to hurry down the mountain before Sharon comes chasing after us."

The traitor treated me like a precious thing, wrapped me in a blanket and hugged me to his chest.

"Nice to meet you, demon girl. I'm Shuu, your half-blood... your new partner." And then, he rubs his cold and unpleasant cheek against mine. ...It was cold, uncomfortable and I wanted to tear him apart.

<2>

"O demon Kisara, ..... obey me at the cost of my memories from three days ago. One hour is enough."

That traitorous man, as soon as he descended the mountain, immediately fled to an empty cabin, and chained me to the floor, and while chanting an incantation, he made me touch my hand to his head.

At that moment, both words and power flowed through me.

"That doesn't sound like you, Sharon. A churchman would join forces with a freelance demon hunter?"

"With you, I can defeat even more powerful demons than I already have. It would be more beneficial to the church than if I stayed in the church as I am now."

"I see..... so what are your conditions?"

As my senses are gradually activated by the power that flows through me, images even connected to the voice begin to appear behind my eyelids.

I could hear the voice.

"Shu, ....., are you interested in me?"

"Well yes, but.."

Before my eyes was the abominable woman in the strange clothes who had stabbed me in the back. She is taking off her costume piece by piece, and she is looking at me obscenely. "Well, then, let's pause what we were talking about earlier and have a little fun, and then we can talk again, shall we?"

"Sharon, you..."

Despite his rather sloppy incantation of the contract, it seems that the man's contractual curse functioned well enough.

In other words, this is the man's memory.

I felt nauseous at the rottenness of this man's nature, trying to subjugate me with the memories of his carnal desires with other women, but still, I could not turn my back on him.

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"I will take the memories of this woman's dirty voice and lewd appearance and turn it into my own power. Power can be bought, but obedience cannot. Once my power return, I will tear through the holes in this man's half-baked contract and rip his throat apart.

"Shuu... did you betray me...?"

"I'm sorry, what I wanted wasn't money. I cannot possibly let you kill that devil. I can't let it be taken by the church... that's my important tool."

As I thought about piercing the man's temple, the story of the memories flowing into me suddenly takes a strange turn. The woman contorts her body unnaturally, her face twisted in pain and hatred, and begin to foam at the mouth. It seems that she was deceived by the man who had seduced her, and on top of that, she was robbed of me.

In other words, her importance was weighed against me, and cruelly discarded. That man was truly a born traitor, and I was caught by the worst man...

"I'll kill you... someday I'll kill you..." The woman's bitter voice flows into me more and more and is turning into my power. I quickly stopped consuming this memory as power and decided to keep it as my own. The memories from the beginning have already been lost a little, but I couldn't erase this last memory. I couldn't forget the fact that the pitiful perverted woman was discarded and that I, not her, was chosen by the man.

"Kisara, that's Bayron City, a city overflowing with your kind."

"Bayron...?"

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He treated me like a princess. He put me in clothes I had never seen before, gave me luxurious meals, and made me remember words...no, he made me remember feelings. This man must think of me as someone very important. Even though he is a human and a betrayer, his feelings towards me seem genuine. Maybe it's okay to stay with him for a little while longer. After all, I can just kill him when I get bored.

There are members of my own race in Bayron City. They have various characteristics, such as being twice as tall as humans, having shapes that are not human-like, and having power that can easily crush humans. But there is one thing that they all have in common. They are demon just like me.

"In exchange for my March memories last year..."

"I understand."

If I have my powers, the enemy will be no match for me.

"U, uaaa... uwaaaaaa..." Along with Shuu's screams, his memories flow into my head. As usual, I confirm the sight, sounds, smells, tastes, and touch and then try to destroy them...

*"What are you doing, Shuu? You, are you leaving...? Leaving my room?"*

<6>

The perfect match between the voice in my head and the one now coming through my ears causes me to stop moving.

*"What are you doing Shuu? You brought a devil along?"*

*"Is it because I can't do anything but housework and leave everything to you?"* The same woman cried.

In front of me is a long-haired woman with a gun pointed at me. But her harsh voice is completely drowned out by the same sweet crying voice from his memories.

Who is this woman?

I have never seen her before, but her voice strangely makes me feel uneasy, and this voice that reminds me of the past...

"Ayano... it's okay, that person is..."

"Aya...no?" No, it's not the first time.

I already know this woman.

In the memories that I had received from Shu and turned them into power, her name was definitely there. Her eyes, her hair, her voice, and her skin texture were all there.

I can't clearly remember now, but there's a lingering regret that I can't let go of. An unbearable feeling that I can't cut off.

But...

That's all that's left.

I don't know this woman.

I don't know Shuu when he was with this woman.

"U, uaa... uwaaaaaa..."

Along with the frustration of not knowing, I swung my sword down.

The demon woman who was taller than me with a more demonic appearance, turned into nothingness.

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My heart did not clear up so easily. There are many things I wanted to know.

Even though I don't know who this woman is, or what kind of past Shuu and her shared, I am able to understand that this woman is special to Shuu, and that Shuu is special to this woman.

'Haah, haah, haaah...'

My breath became more rugged than ever before.

My heart started beating harder than ever before.

The reason for my exhaustion was because I didn't use the memories that was transferred from Shu. Instead I used my power without erasing memories of that woman's crying voice, her crying face. This may take a long time to recover from, but there's nothing I can do about it. Compared to the unpleasantness I felt from not knowing about Shu's past, this is nothing.

"Kisara, our next job is a C-class D-hazard that has appeared in Old Town Park.'

"What? We just did a job last week... "

I've fought with Shuu many times... But as I continued to make contracts, I began to have problems with my own body.

'You can do it before breakfast, right? If you don't have enough strength, I'll give you two months worth of memories.'

'Y-Yeah...'"

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Shu offered up his memories in exchange for my power. However, I wanted to preserve Shu's memories within myself without consuming them. Because of this, I was able to understand that he still had lingering feelings for Ayano, a woman he had been childhood friends with, and his girlfriend for the past few years before switching to me a year ago. As a result of not burning those memories as fuel, I have exhausted my own natural energy level and I needed to wait for a long time for a natural recovery. It was fine when the interval between demon extermination was long. But when there's only a few days apart like now...

*'I guess I'll have to use my father's...'*

"What's wrong, Kisara?"

"Ah, no, nothing."

I had no choice but to offer something else.

My father was the leader of a family of demon hunters. One day, he showed up with a force of about ten men in the forest where my mother lived in secret. My mother and father fought a fierce battle, and in the end, only my mother and my seriously injured father survived. My mother did not kill my father, and for some reason, gave him medical treatment, food, and took care of him until he recovered. Eventually, they developed a love that transcended their species, and a few years later, I was born.

"Alright, everything has been taken care of. Thank you for your hard work

".....huh?" In front of me, Shu had a confused expression.

In my hand was my usual sword.

There were many large holes in the ground and the trees in the park had been knocked down, and the police officers were tiredly cleaning up the mess.

"Hey, are you okay? Something seems off?"

"Oh, no, it's nothing,"

"You looked a bit off before work, could it be that you are ill?"

"N-no, that's not it! Besides, this job is something that we couldn't entrust to other companies. This crest... it's related to your father's case."

"That's good... we're one step closer to the truth."

To get to the truth behind his father's death, that is the purpose of his life. No matter how much of his memory is taken away, it sticks in Shu's mind and won't go away.

Father, father...

Come to think of it, what kind of person was Shu's father...?

"You know...Shuu-kun is a really capable person."

"T-that's not really true..."

"If you're serious, you won't lose to anyone, you're a genius..."

I know everything about Shuu-kun because half or more of Shu-kun's memories are mine.

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Now I know Shuu-kun more than Shuu-kun knows himself.

He always uses me for his own benefit and has already taken me for granted.

"What? What's that smell? It smells like other women."

"I just went out to the city~! Maybe I bumped into a woman~!"

And, he loves Aya-no more than me...

"You're the worst guy ever.."

In order to save the woman that he loves, he is willing to embrace a woman that he does not love and discard memories of the woman he loves.

But I know him.

'It's fine even if I am the worst person..."

*Even if he pretends to be kind or evil, I know his true feelings.*

"Kisara, just suck up all of my memories and turn them into your own power... superficial things like my memories are worthless when what we need is your true strength."

He deceives and takes advantage of me, takes me for granted, and even though he has someone he truly loves, he naturally notices me and even starts to have feelings for me.

Even though I am immortal, when I get hurt, it pains his heart too.

When I grieve, he's heart is in turmoil.

'Hey, can you answer? What am I to Shu-kun? Just a tool? A mere dog that follows orders? Or...?'

<11>

Maybe I'm just being deceived and made use of. But I have his memories. Memories of when we fought together. Memories of when he made me cry. Memories of when we kissed...

"Ah, damn it! Listen, if it's not with you, I'd rather die than kiss a devil!

Fool, Shuu-kun is a fool.

I know, don't I?

Your true feelings that you have never put into words.

But from the memories engraved, the words you really want to say. Why do you try to hide behind irony and naivety?

You don't have to be shy about it. I want you to sincerely polish your love with your words and your face, as it is in the memories.

Quickly, quickly, before you become someone else. Quickly, quickly, before I become someone else...

Because now, more than half of Shuu-kun's memories are mine. And in the memories of me keeping Shu-kun's memories, there's barely half of my own memories left.

The Kisara I'm playing now is the Kisara in Shuu-kun's memories.

<12>

'She is cute, jealous, and adorable. Even though she's a devil, I can't hate her. Even though she's the same species as the enemy of my family, I love her. Even though we constantly fight with each other, I still love her. That's how I feel about Kisara.'

The Kisara that I don't know.

"Then, do you not need it anymore? The memories, do you not need them anymore?"

"That's right, I don't need them. I'll give you all my memories and my whole soul."

The memories that are inside of me now are only the memories of Shu-kun. I'll return Shu-kun's memories to him. That's all I want to do.

"Is that okay...?"

"It's what we agreed on from the beginning... and I've already received more than enough."

"Yeah..."

"That's right, I've already received enough. From you, I've received a lot."

So it's okay. It's fine. I'll return everything to you, an empty you. And then, surely, Shu-kun who has regained everything will help me to find back myself.

<13>

I am sure that Shu-kun will always love this little devil that is in his memory...in other words, the memories that are in me now.

I am sure he will love me forever and ever.

Mmmm... .....

"Kisara, you...mmm?"

So I won't be afraid of becoming empty.

The me ten seconds later, you don't have to be afraid of anything.

Trust him and fight alongside with him.

<The End>